

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

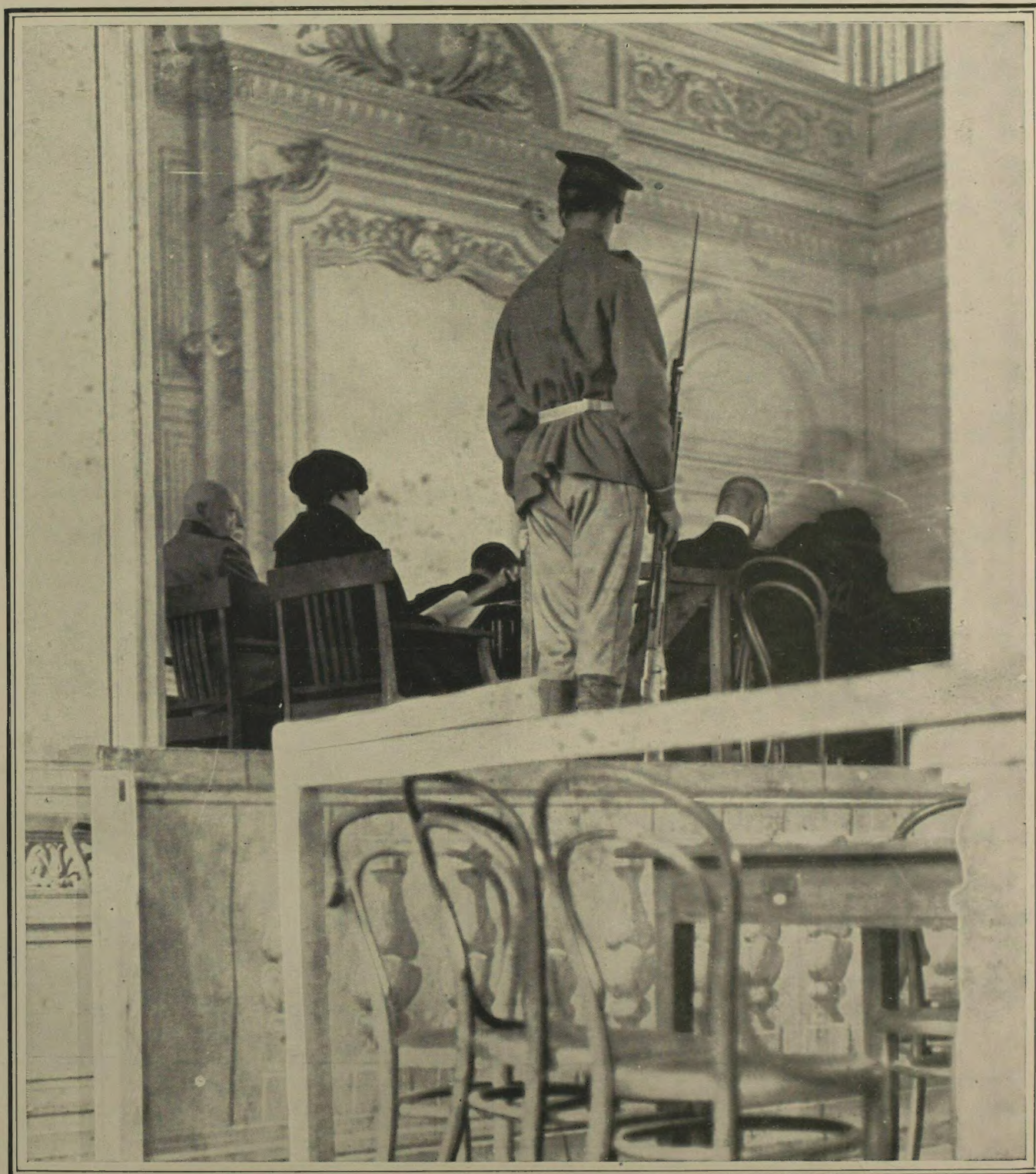
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SEVENPENCE.

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SENTENCED TO PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE: GENERAL SUKHOMLINOFF (ON THE LEFT) WITH HIS WIFE  
(WHO WAS ACQUITTED) GUARDED BY A SOLDIER WITH FIXED BAYONET DURING THEIR TRIAL.

As mentioned under our double-page illustration of the scene in court, elsewhere in this number, the trial of General Sukhomlinoff, the Russian ex-Minister of War, and his wife, for high treason and peculation, ended at Petrograd on September 26. General Sukhomlinoff was found guilty on twelve out of thirteen charges, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Mme. Sukhomlinoff, who is seen sitting next to him in the above photograph, was acquitted. She was charged with having been his accomplice.

After all the witnesses (over 200) had given evidence, General Sukhomlinoff was invited to explain his conduct. "The ex-Minister," says a Reuter account, "who appeared extremely exhausted by the long judicial proceedings, spoke in a weak and tired voice." General Sukhomlinoff was Minister of War when the war began, and resigned on June 26, 1915. Among other things he was accused of having failed to supply the Army with enough munitions, and of having ordered several fortresses to be dismantled.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



# LEWIS-GUN TRAINING AT THE FRONT; AND SCENES AMID

AUSTRALIAN



A DRILL AND INSTRUCTION GROUND AT A CAMP NOT FAR FROM THE BATTLE-AREA:  
AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY AT LEWIS-GUN DRILL.



OPENING A BOMBARDMENT WITH A BATTERY SALVO:  
GUNS ABOUT TO



GERMAN GAS-SHELLS DROPPING NEAR BY: THE MASKED AND HELMETED GUNNERS  
OF A SOLIDLY CAMOUFLAGED BIG GUN IN THE MIDST OF ACTION.



NEARLY THE LAST SAVAGE EFFORTS OF GERMAN VINDICTIVE  
AMONG THE HEAPED

# GUNS AND GUNNERS OF OUR BOMBARDING ARTILLERY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



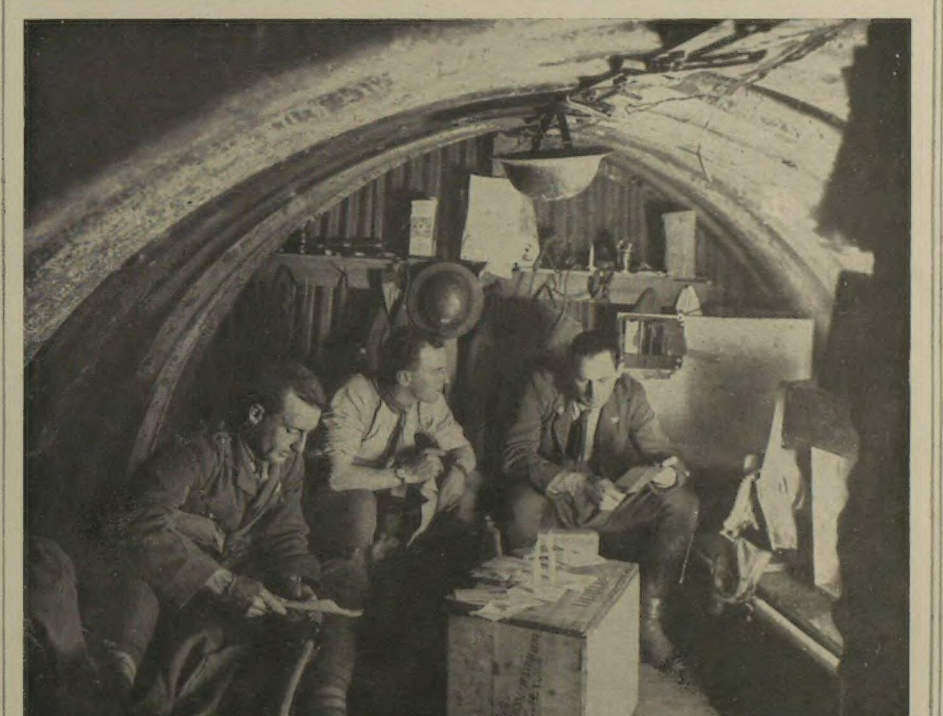
SOME OF THE HEAVY LONG-RANGE BOMBARDING  
FIRE ALL TOGETHER.



AN INSTANT AFTER FIRING: A HEAVY BOMBARDING GUN WITH THE LEAVES OF ITS CAMOUFLAGE  
SCREEN SHAKEN LOOSE BY THE CONCUSSION OF THE DISCHARGE AND FALLING.



NESS AGAINST YPRES: LONG-RANGE BIG SHELLS BURSTING  
DÉBRIS OF THE HOUSES.



A SPELL OF REST BETWEEN BOMBARDMENTS: AUSTRALIAN HEAVY-ARTILLERY OFFICERS  
DURING A QUIET INTERVAL IN THEIR LIVING QUARTERS IN A DUG-OUT.

In the first illustration (upper, left), a drill-training ground, attached to a camp at no great distance from the battle-area, is seen with squads of men at various battlefield exercises. In the foreground Australian infantrymen are shown at Lewis-gun-drill. Each firer has beside him his loader ready to hand and fix on fresh drums of ammunition as the gun uses them up. In the second illustration a battery of Australian artillery heavy guns, for long-range bombardment, are shown when opening fire with a salvo, i.e., all the guns together. The massive make of the gun-carriages needed to support the enormous dead-weight of the weapons is suggested by the great girdled wheels and the solid, massive trails. The curved, flat piece of metal in rear, for traversing and aiming the piece to right or left, is shown. The man firing the gun, standing near the breech, and to right of it, is holding the firing key ready. The third illustration (upper, right) shows an Australian big gun in action under a light, camouflaged shelter of netting spread over with foliage, a moment after

being fired. Some of the leaves of the foliage screen, shaken off by the concussion, are seen falling. In rear of the gun, artillerymen are getting grip of heavy shell for lifting and insertion into the breech for the next round. The lower left-hand illustration shows a gun-team under a stoutly constructed overhead screen about to fire. German gas-shells are dropping near by in that quarter, in consequence of which the artillerymen are wearing masks as well as steel helmets. The gun-carriage, it will be noted, is supported by concrete, as in a dug-out gun-pit. The giant dimensions of the gun are apparent. The fifth illustration shows long-range German shells bursting amidst the heaps of masonry rubble, and fragments of house walls of Ypres—the last destructive efforts of the enemy as they are being forced back from the neighbourhood. The sixth illustration shows the interior of an Australian gunner-officers' dug-out.



# "SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD THAT IS FOR EVER

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM

# ENGLAND": WOMEN GARDENERS TENDING SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

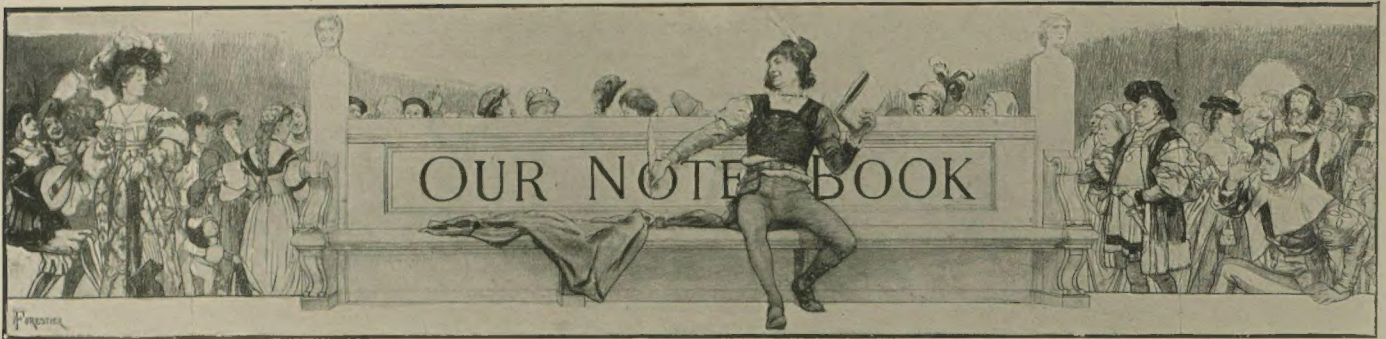


## "IN THAT RICH EARTH A RICHER DUST CONCEALED": GRAVES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS IN FRANCE TENDED BY TRAINED WOMEN GARDENERS OF THE W.A.A.C.

A number of girl gardeners, who are members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, are employed in tending the graves of British soldiers in the cemeteries provided for them in France. The first contingent of twenty girls, who had been trained at Kew Gardens, went over in August, and it was arranged that others should follow. At that time some of the cemeteries had already been laid out on an elaborate plan, but others were still in a very rough condition, and there was plenty of scope for the sympathetic care which the women gardeners brought to their task. The object has been to make all the cemeteries as beautiful as possible, worthy resting-places for the heroes who lie beneath. The

best epitaph for them has been written by a poet who himself served in the war and while so doing met his death. Rupert Brooke, it may be recalled, was an officer in the Naval Division, fought at Antwerp, and died, of sunstroke, at Lemnos while on his way to the Dardanelles. His sonnet in anticipation of a soldier's death has become a classic familiar throughout the Empire. The first four lines run thus: "If I should die, think only this of me; That there's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MEN seldom seem able to penetrate a disguise where it is a very modern dress. Nay, in a sense, they never know a thing is fashionable until it is old-fashioned. The foolish dandy must be presented in something like the costume of Mr. Turveydrop, who dressed in the style of George IV. He does not seem to be a foolish dandy, but only a fairly well-dressed man, when he is presented in the style of George the Fifth's reign. And the fallacy also infects the world of more general ideas. New clothes seem to have something of the spiritual atmosphere of nakedness. They suggest innocence, and a simplicity and sincerity which scorn pretence. Why they should suggest this, it is not easy, in a rational sense, to say. For instance, I should say there are at least ten prophets of new religions who are mere humbugs to one priest of the old religion who is a mere humbug; but in our satiric fiction the humbug is still generally made a clergyman, and especially a bishop, rather than the irresponsible founder of some professedly idealistic movement. I have read romances by men of remarkable genius in which a sinister supernatural mystery seemed to attach to the fact that a bishop wears gaiters, like that haughty hierophant of priestcraft, Mr. Pickwick. And the same queer confusion is now passing into the all-important politics of the Great War, and gravely endangering that direct victory which is the need of all the nations.

There happens to be a mere fashion in the modern world of giving to all sorts of enterprises fancy titles, which are democratic in form. A man will call his party the popular party; though he is no more disinterested than a tradesman who will call his soap the popular soap. Many people, for instance, are now quite swept off their feet by the simple fact that a political group in Petrograd, of which we really know next to nothing, chooses to call itself the Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee. There may really be good elements in it; but the title does not show that there is anything in it. I know many English groups which consist almost entirely of rather meddlesome middle-class bureaucrats, with a sprinkling of a rather stiff sort of Whig aristocrats. One of them calls itself the Union of Democratic Control. But it would cost them no more to call themselves the National League of Navvies and Porters. There would be no extra charge for taking the title of the Co-operative Guild of Costermongers. And these titles would not be an atom more absurd than the title they have actually chosen; for these gentlemen are just about as much like navvies and costers as they are like democrats. Indeed, something like this fiction is already accepted harmlessly because it is accepted as a fiction, in the case of some of the City Companies. One of them will be called something like the Worshipful Company of Bricklayers, without retaining any very vivid traces of its daily task of bricklaying. Another will bear some such name as the Worshipful Company of Chimneysweeps; and will give the most glorious dinners, at which the presence of a chimneysweep, fresh from work, would be notable, and even unexpected. But here we come back to the curious distinction which I noted above in the case of dress. Because these fictions are old, and merely because they are old, they are admitted to be fictitious. Because the great mediæval guilds did once at least consist of people who were bricklayers and chimneysweeps, nobody expects them to consist of such people now. Because the City Companies

are at least so far human as to be historical, nobody thinks of interpreting them merely in connection with their history; simply because they were real then, they are allowed to be unreal now. But solely because a thing has no history it is assumed that it can have no hypocrisy. Solely because its ideals have never been realised, it is assumed that they must be real. It never seems to occur, to the mind thus affected, that an imposture may put on new clothes, like a tailor's dummy, as easily as old clothes, like a scarecrow; or that an impudent adventurer is rather

assumed that he had the simplest and most strenuous democratic beliefs. And this was simply because the "Red Cap" referred to a comparatively recent historical epoch, and "democracy" happens to be a word used more lightly in journalese than in Greek—or English. Yet even that recent epoch, which was in itself a very real epoch, might have furnished warnings against such folly. Even in the French Revolution the red cap was worn by a great many people who could not be trusted as revolutionists. It was worn by Louis XVI., while he was weakly accepting the Austrian intrigues of his wife. It was worn by Dumouriez just before he betrayed the French Republic to the German enemy. Yet it has only to be hoisted as a signboard by a much meaner German agent, in the interests of a much more indefensible German power, to be taken quite seriously by crowds of dry and earnest democrats. If it had been a thirteenth-century symbol, it would have seemed too distant to deceive; but because it was an eighteenth-century symbol it seems to have been too near to be inspected. We are not to be taken in by mediæval mummeries; it is only modern mummeries to which we will blindly bow down. We plume ourselves on perceiving the petty faults of far-off and almost forgotten things; it is only the thing under our noses that we are proud of not having noticed. Everyone agrees that the habit does not make the monk, for the monk is mediæval; but many have never doubted that the cap can make the revolutionist.



THE MISSING FRENCH AVIATOR-CHAMPION: CAPTAIN GWYNEMER, SHORTLY BEFORE SETTING OUT ON HIS LAST TRIP, WEARING HIS FRENCH AND ALLIED DECORATIONS.

Captain Gwynemer, who has been reported as "missing" after starting on a reconnaissance-flight over the Flanders front on the morning of September 11, was, as all the world knows, France's foremost aviator, and was familiarly spoken of as "The Ace of Aces." A student at the École Polytechnique in August 1914, he was rejected for Army service as medically unfit, but was able to join the French flying corps. Becoming a sergeant in the famous "Stork" squadron, he rose rapidly through his marvellous tactical skill and intrepidity to the rank of captain, winning at the same time every possible decoration, the Croix de Guerre, the Military Medal, and the Legion of Honour in several grades. In addition, he was awarded special high decorations from each one of the Allied Governments. On one day he brought down three German aeroplanes, two of them within an hour. Gwynemer had fifty-three victories over enemy planes to his credit up to September 11. He was twenty-one years of age. [French Official Photograph.]

more likely to dress himself like the first than like the second.

If an innkeeper calls his inn "The Mitre," we do not assume that he has the most august and authoritative religious beliefs and traditions. But when a wandering Jew spy in Grenoble called his paper *The Red Cap*, numbers of respectable people instantly

The German spy is at this moment masquerading all over the world as the champion of the two things that Germany has chiefly detested and defiled. The first is the civilian ideal of peace; and the second is the civic ideal of self-government. The most murderous of all militarists is appealing to the world's weariness of military operations; the most rigid of all royalists is appealing to that legend of the republic which he has waged nearly all his wars in order to destroy. In a world swarming with such sham Quakers and sham Jacobins, it is idle to go on disputing with the old Quaker theology or defining the true Jacobin theory. If we judged the world at present by its professions, we should suppose it was exclusively inhabited by saints of the most sacred innocence and sages of the most serene rationality; by just men made perfect, who desire nothing whatever except the restoration of national rights and the establishment of endless peace. If we judge it by its practice, we know we shall find a world weltering in blood, and becoming more and more bestial in its ways of shedding it. Somebody made the signal for that slaughter; somebody has originated every step of that decline. As it happens, we know who it was; but, whoever it was, he is now talking the language of the loftiest and most compassionate philanthropy. In this the Prussian is the very type of the man who protests too much, and even proves too much. He has not only discredited his own word, but he has discredited words altogether. Henceforth only his deeds can speak for him; and only our deeds can speak for us. It is only to be expected that, having already polluted the very word war, he should go on to pollute the very word peace. It may be that when the war ends there will hardly be an ideal that has not been used as a treacherous invitation, or a creed that has not been used as a cant. But the naked facts will remain; and by these we will be judged and he condemned.



## DESTRUCTION AND CONSTRUCTION: A BRITISH FRONT CONTRAST.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. DESTRUCTION: A GERMAN SHELL BURSTING ON THE BRITISH FRONT NEAR ZONNEBEKE WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

War is a continual process of destruction and construction, of knocking down and building up. An army, that is, devotes its energies to destroying the enemy and his works, while at the same time constructing works of its own. These two photographs from the British front in Flanders show, by way of contrast, examples of both activities. The upper one was taken during the Battle of Menin Road, and we are informed that

2. CONSTRUCTION: PREPARING TIMBER FOR ROAD-MAKING AND STRENGTHENING DUG-OUTS, ON THE BRITISH FRONT NEAR ZILLEBEKE.

the shell which it shows exploding did so within ten yards of the photographer. It enables all of us to realise an everyday experience of our troops at the front. The lower photograph illustrates the careful use that is made at the front of all sorts of material. The destroyed trees, for instance, are utilised either for the building of dug-outs or for purposes of road-making. Nothing that can be put to any use is wasted.



# "NAKED, AND YE CLOTHED ME": AIDING REFUGEES IN THE HOLY LAND.



VICTIMS OF TURKISH MISRULE: MAKING A LIST OF SYRIAN REFUGEES IN NEED OF CLOTHING.



AFTER BEING PROVIDED WITH NEW CLOTHES: SYRIAN MEN BURNING THEIR FORMER RAGS.



BRITISH CARE FOR SYRIAN CHILDREN: SOME OF THE YOUNG REFUGEES BEING FITTED FOR NEW CLOTHES.



QUITE HAPPY IN THEIR NEW CLOTHES: A GROUP OF CHILDREN AFTER BEING FITTED OUT.



TYPICAL OF CONDITIONS IN PALESTINE UNDER THE TURKS: TWO NEEDY SYRIAN WOMEN RECEIVING NEW CLOTHES.



WEARING THE NEW CLOTHES PROVIDED FOR THEM BY THE BRITISH: A GROUP OF SYRIAN WOMEN.

Heartrending accounts have appeared from time to time regarding the condition of the non-Turkish population in Syria and Palestine under Turkish rule during the war. Last April it was reported that there had been over 60,000 deaths from starvation, and that typhus and cholera had broken out. At the beginning of last winter a million Syrians were said to be destitute. A fund, known as the Syria and Palestine Relief Fund (Church House, Westminster), was opened, and on the suggestion of Dr. MacInnes, Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem, all the British missionary societies in the district have co-operated in raising and distributing funds. Their representatives work day and night, close to

the fighting-line, to clothe and cleanse the refugees as they come within the districts captured by the British troops. The civilian agents work in conjunction with the military authorities, and have already helped thousands of refugees. The Turks are said to be pursuing in the Holy Land the same policy of deportation and massacre as they did in Armenia. A Reuter message stated, for example, that the whole Jewish population was expelled from Jaffa. They were robbed on the way and their homes were pillaged. Those who resisted were hanged. Another Reuter message of September 28, through Petrograd, said that Arabians in Syria were being persecuted.



# THE GERMAN "PILL-BOX" IN TWO FORMS: CONCRETE BLOCKHOUSES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



1. LOOPHOLED FOR MACHINE-GUNS: A GERMAN "PILL-BOX" ATTACKED BY BRITISH INFANTRY—THE SURROUNDING SOIL CHURNED INTO "WAVES" BY OUR SHELLS.

Concrete blockhouses, or "pill-boxes," as our men call them, are a feature of the new German system of defence. The upper drawing shows a "pill-box" provided with slits for machine-gun fire. British attacking troops are filling the slits with shovelfuls of earth while bombers and bayonet-men bomb the interior and stand ready to receive the Germans as they come out. The "pill-boxes" are built with blocks of concrete reinforced by iron rails and girders. The present instance shows the effect of heavy shell on the ground

2. NOT LOOPHOLED, AND USED ONLY AS SHELTERS FOR MACHINE-GUNNERS: TWO "PILL-BOXES" WITH A RAMPART BETWEEN—GERMANS DEFENDING THE POSITION.

near the building. The earth thrown up by explosions of shells presents the appearance of waves against the side of a ship. In the lower drawing are seen two "pill-boxes," without slits, solely used as shelters. Germans come out of them with machine-guns, which they use in any quantity. A concrete barricade built between the two forts, but leaving a gap at each end, is used as a rampart over which machine-guns are fired against attacking troops.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE BATTLE OF MENIN ROAD: THE ATTACK ON ZONNEBEKE WOOD PILL-BOXES AND REDOUBTS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTER FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



"ENGLISH, SCOTTISH AND WELSH BATTALIONS . . . STORMED ZONNEBEKE": HIGHLANDERS SEEN SOME GERMAN PILL-

"English, Scottish, and Welsh battalions, penetrating the enemy's defences to a depth of nearly a mile, stormed Zonnebeke, and gained the line of their objectives." So Sir Douglas Haig, remembered in his despatch of September 26th the outcome of the attack, by some of the troops who are seen advancing under fire in the illustration above. The Germans at the immediate front of the attack were mostly posted in groups of "pill-boxes" and clusters of shell-holes holding machine-guns, and in concealed redoubts among the tree stumps of the wood. In addition, there were isolated machine-gun detachments on the far side of the stream (the Haanebeck), the course of which is visible across the centre of the illustration to the right. The stream was some six feet in width. The edge of the wood seen lay some two hundred and fifty yards beyond the stream. A Highland battalion (one of the regiments mentioned in



ATTACKING ZONNEBEKE WOOD ACROSS THE HAANECK STREAM, BEYOND WHICH ARE BOXES IN FRONT OF THE TREES.

Sir Douglas Haig's despatch quoted is shown crossing in the open, over ground broken up everywhere, and pitted with shell-holes. The smoke of the British barrage fire extends right across the background of the view and among the trees of the wood. Two large German "pill-boxes" appear in the centre of the illustration, just in advance of the near edge of the wood. Others were sketched towards the left, immediately in front of Zonnebeke village itself. Says a correspondent: "The pill-box garrisons varied in size. One during English officer with a few men captured thirteen men in one, and parties of seven to twenty came out of other shelters." He adds that "Frankish Guards were posted in the pill-boxes covering the approaches to the village," also that, "the occupants of the various redoubts and shell-holes came out with hands raised as soon as the British troops were upon them." (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



## A GREAT MOSLEM CEREMONY UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION:

PHOTOGRAPHS

## THE HOLY "CARPET" PILGRIMAGE LEAVING CAIRO FOR MECCA.

BY TOPICAL.



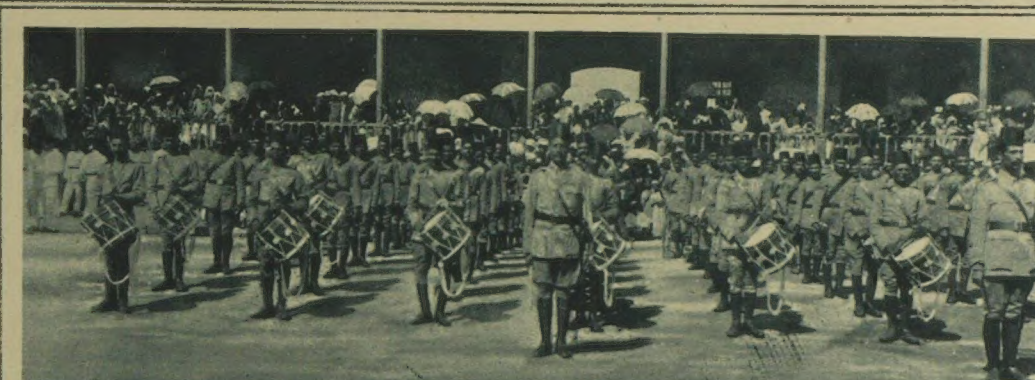
THE HOLY "CARPET" CEREMONY IN CAIRO: THE SULTAN OF EGYPT'S BODYGUARD, WITH THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN IN THE BACKGROUND.



KEEPING BEAUTIFUL ALIGNMENT: A INFANTRY AT THE



GUARD OF HONOUR OF EGYPTIAN CEREMONY IN CAIRO.



TAKING PART IN THE CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY BAND IN CAIRO.



A GIFT OF THE BRITISH ARMY: THE SACRED CAMEL THAT CARRIES THE MAHMAL.



WITH THE SACRED MAHMAL (PALANQUIN) IN THE CENTRE:



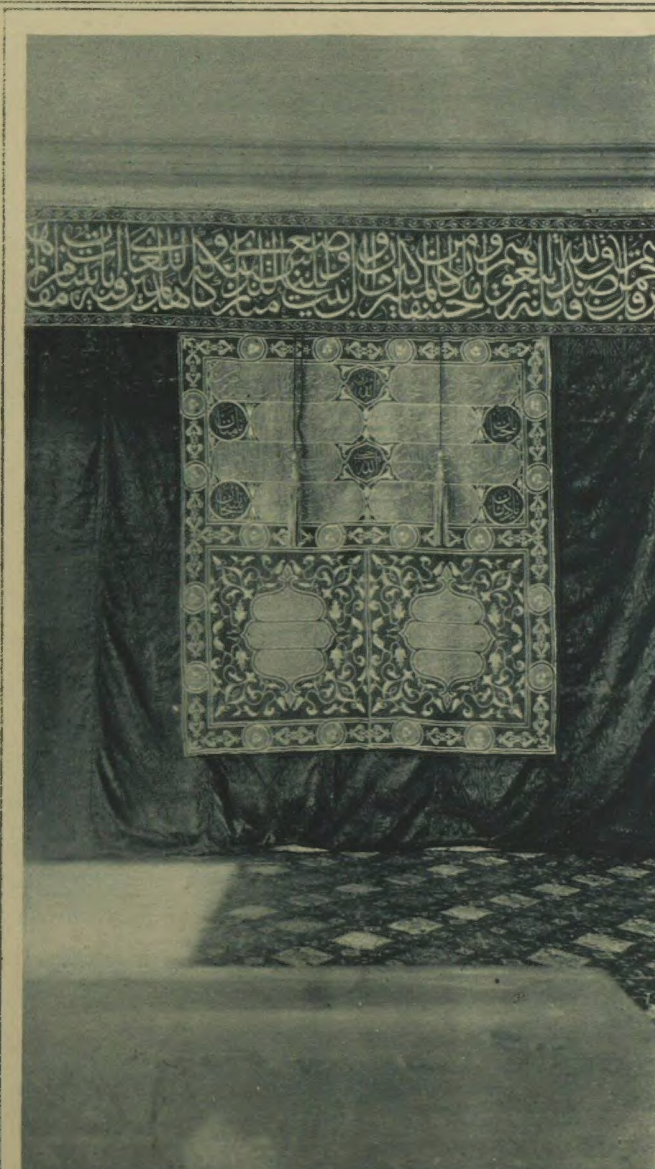
ATTENDED BY RED CROSS LADIES: CONVALESCENT BRITISH SOLDIERS



THE HOLY "CARPET" PROCESSION LEAVING THE CITADEL IN CAIRO.



WATCHING THE HOLY "CARPET" CEREMONIES FROM THEIR ENCLOSURE.



FRESH FROM THE LOOMS AND HUNG ON VIEW IN THE ROYAL KIOSK: THE HOLY "CARPET" TO BE CONVEYED IN THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

The annual pilgrimage of the Holy "Carpet" from Cairo to Mecca took place again this year, as last year, under British protection. During the previous two years the ceremony was in abeyance owing to the war. On September 19 the Holy "Carpet," with the pilgrims, duly arrived at Mecca. Our photographs, taken in Cairo, illustrate the ceremonies connected with its setting out. The so-called "Carpet" is really a covering for the Kaaba, the Tomb of the Prophet, and along with it go curtains, or hangings, beautifully embroidered with texts from the Koran. A much-venerated object in the procession is the Mahmal, or palanquin, borne by a sacred camel. The original Mahmal was made for a thirteenth-century Egyptian queen, and one has accompanied the pilgrimage ever since. It was formerly used to carry gifts, but the ornamentations added to it have so increased its weight that it is now taken

empty. It is brought back from Mecca to Cairo after every pilgrimage. The camel that now carries the Mahmal was presented by the British Army, and made its first pilgrimage last year. Describing the annual ceremony in Cairo, Mr. S. H. Leeder writes in his interesting book, "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt and the Religion of Islam": "Nothing could give more pleasure to the Cairo crowd than this procession of the setting out on the Pilgrimage. . . . Here are waving banners, in the warm sunshine, and holy sheikhs of all the different guilds of the mosques, and the bands—one of them of Scottish bag-pipes—playing with blissful iteration the one tune that contains every note of music, always in a minor key, that has any value to the native folk. The whole of the Cairo garrison of Egyptian troops, including all the artillery, footmen, and cavalry, with a special honorary guard of the Mahmal, take part in the ceremonies."



## SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REVISED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORDS: GIBER, THE ARABIAN ALPHABET.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF ETOCLEYAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA ON MEDICINE: KHANZ, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WAR ON BIG-GAME ANIMALS.

ANY project for the extermination of the red-deer of our Highlands, or of the larger game animals of our Colonies, will be sure to arouse the enthusiasm of those tiresome people who have a "mission." They

were among the "big game" hunted by our primitive forbears. Happily for us, before these animals were hunted out of existence—game laws being then undreamed of—the art of reducing a remnant to a state of domestication was discovered. And we are the heirs of their enterprise and forethought. In other parts of the world other species of wild oxen have been similarly domesticated, to the great benefit of mankind. This was the work of people whom we designate "barbarians." Yet they were wiser in their generation than many of us who are the victims of an artificial environment, the allurements of walled cities having killed all desire for the healthy excitement of sport and the chase. But it is not merely the "reformers" who sin. Our legislators are so blind to these matters that they permit, without protest, the exploitation of the wilds by the company promoter and the unimaginative settler in new territory.

Grave anxiety is now being felt in Newfoundland as to the fate of the caribou, one of the finest of living deer. It is realised that, unless immediate and comprehensive measures are taken for their protection, they will be speedily exterminated. Only a few years ago, Newfoundland harboured vast herds of caribou. Then came the "lumberman," and attendant on him the professional hunter, who slew, and still slays without mercy, to furnish meat for the lumber camps. At present, every resident in the colony may kill three caribou during the year, and records to hand show that about 2000 are shot in this way annually. But it is certain that large numbers are slain of which there is no record, for thousands of fishermen over a sea-board 6000 miles in length proceed in quest of caribou every autumn and winter, and the "bag" they secure is unknown.

This drain upon these poor animals is of long standing. Twenty years ago, great hunting parties would be made up which travelled inland as soon as the first frosts occurred. Hundreds of deer were then killed, which were conveyed on dog-sleds to

in part to the ruthlessness of the slaughter, and in part to the action of the Government, which has now further prohibited the export of antlers sold as "trophies."

It is easier to kill than to make alive. Properly conserved, the Newfoundland caribou will afford a valuable source of food, and recreation to the sportsman, for all time. But, unless effective measures are taken and enforced at once, there will be no deer to protect.

With the world-wide shortage of food of all kinds which is now before us, the urgency of this need for protection cannot be exaggerated. Such measures are needed in the interests of the settlers themselves, for many live far from accessible sources of food and must depend for their meat on this source alone.

Apart from the fact that these animals are a valuable asset to the country, both as a source of food and of wealth, their conservation by us for posterity is a responsibility we may not shirk. We are the trustees for the generations yet unborn, and we must leave a good record of our trusteeship—else we are no better than the degenerate German, who holds that one German is worth all the cathedrals in Europe. The list of birds and beasts which have been needlessly exterminated during the last hundred years, because none cared, is already pitifully long. Let us not add further names! We jealously guard our ancient



AN ITEM IN ONE OF GERMANY'S PET SCHEMES FOR PENETRATING ASIA: A CAPTURED BAGHDAD RAILWAY TICKET.

AMONG THE BOOTY TAKEN BY THE BRITISH AT BAGHDAD: A SEALED PACKET OF TICKETS OF THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.

The tickets here illustrated fell into the hands of the British troops after they entered Baghdad, where, it may be recalled, fighting occurred at the terminus of the Baghdad Railway. Each ticket has a round hole punched through the middle for the string (with a leaden seal) that ties the packets, as shown in the photograph. Elsewhere in this number will be found a note containing a significant extract from a German book published in 1911, "Die Baghdad Bahn," by Dr. Rohrbach. His words, which, unfortunately, were not sufficiently taken to heart at that time in this country, reveal very frankly the designs of Germany in the Far East, and her motives in patronising Turkey.

will justify their attitude with the assurance that these creatures have no practical value, and may well be allowed to go the way of the American bison and the dodo. As a concession, they may agree to the preservation of a few specimens in public parks, or zoological gardens, to serve as interesting relics. But the disappearance of these animals in a wild state, they hold, is desirable, since it will facilitate the "development" of the land, and will put an end to the waste of money and energy expended by those who find pleasure in big-game hunting.

"Reformers" of this type are no imaginary beings—I have met them, to my sorrow. Argument with such people is useless. Posing as the trustees of posterity, they prove their unfitness for such trust by the folly of their ways, for these creatures have a value over and above their attractiveness to sportsmen. Moreover, the sportsman is entitled to some consideration, at any rate, in the scheme of the regenerated world which some are so anxious to make for us.

What, then, is the value to the community of the larger game animals? This question is more easily asked than answered, especially when that answer has to be condensed within a limited space.

Time was when the ancestors of our domesticated cattle roamed wild over these islands of ours. They

the coast and shipped to St. John's, where, owing to the glut, they were sold at two cents per pound, or even one cent. This is no longer possible, owing

monuments; these creatures of flesh and blood are at least as worthy to share this care—perhaps even more so.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



WITH THE NAVY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SUBMARINES.



# LEAVING CAIRO TO A SALUTE OF GUNS: THE HOLY "CARPET."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



"LIKE A SUCCESSION OF GIANTS' BIER'S": THE HOLY "CARPET" AND ITS HANGINGS ESCORTED BY ITS WEAVERS IN CAIRO



GUARDED BY EGYPTIAN POLICE AND ITS WEAVERS: THE HANGINGS WITH THE HOLY "CARPET" IN CAIRO.



READY TO FIRE A SALUTE ON THE OCCASION OF THE HOLY "CARPET" LEAVING CAIRO: GUNS OF THE CITADEL.

The above photographs were taken on the same occasion as those on the preceding double-page—that is, the departure from Cairo of the Holy "Carpet" pilgrimage to Mecca. To quote again from Mr. S. H. Leeder's book there mentioned: "The 'Carpet' is made by the hereditary craftsmen. . . . There are seventy men employed, and to mark the special nature of their work, each has a robe of cream colour with a small pattern in old gold, all hand-woven. . . . The curtains are black, and the art of making them consists of weaving the Koran texts into the material, also in black, with an effect like that of damask, the lettering, which is large, being in the decorative Arabic. . .

The length of the curtains is about 15 metres, and the breadth of each of the eight parts nearly 5 metres. . . . Two of the curtains together make the cover to each side of the Kaaba. . . . For the purpose of this procession, the different lengths of the Kaaba covering are stretched over wooden frames, which, being carried by a number of men, look rather like a succession of giants' biers, covered with black palls. . . . The guns of the Citadel are fired, and the procession starts for the plain—called the Mahjar—at Abbassieh. . . . Here the Mahmal halts for two or three days. . . . A special train is drawn up on the railway, and the Mahmal with its large deputation starts for Suez."



# PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE FOR RUSSIA'S EX-WAR MINISTER: THE TRIAL OF GENERAL SUKHOMLINOFF AND HIS WIFE.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



## "THE SOLDIERS PERISHED IN MASSES": GENERAL YANUSHKEVITCH TESTIFYING TO GENERAL SUKHOMLINOFF'S FAILURE TO PROVIDE THE RUSSIAN ARMY WITH MUNITIONS.

General Sukhomlinoff resigned his post as Russian Minister of War on June 26, 1915. Being held largely responsible for Russia's lack of munitions and early disasters in the war, he was accused of high treason. The trial began on August 23, 1917, before the Cassation Department of the Senate, assisted, for the first time in Russia, by a jury, in the hall of the Military and Naval Officers' Club in Petrograd. General Sukhomlinoff and his wife, charged with being his accomplice, are seen in our photograph sitting together on the extreme right, he with hand to ear, listening to the evidence of General Yanushkevitch, formerly Chief of the Staff. A Reuter message of September 26 said: "General Sukhomlinoff has been condemned to hard labour for life. Mme. Sukhomlinoff was acquitted. The Court found General Sukhomlinoff guilty of high treason, fraud, and breach of trust. The

jury, after deliberating for seven hours, returned a verdict of 'Guilty' on twelve out of the thirteen charges preferred against General Sukhomlinoff, and a verdict of 'Not Guilty' on the first charge accusing him of inaction and inertia during the war with the object of assisting the enemy by weakening the Russian armed forces." General Yanushkevitch said that when war broke out urgent demands for shells came flying into Headquarters by the hundred, and the latter in its turn pressed General Sukhomlinoff to increase the output of munitions and to utilise private factories for the manufacture of projectiles, but the then Minister of War replied to all telegrams simply with reassuring promises, without doing anything to meet the situation or put an end to its terrible consequences. The soldiers perished in masses."



## FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, SWAIN, LANGFIRE, RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, A. AND N. AUXILIARY, LAMBERT WESTON, HEATH, AND BACON.



2ND LIEUT. D. G. W. HEWITT, V.C.,  
Hampshire Regt. Awarded V.C. for  
"most conspicuous bravery and devotion  
to duty."



MAJOR A. G. SMYTHE,  
R.G.A. Son of Captain and Mrs. Smythe,  
Priory Cottage, Plympton, Devon.  
Officially reported killed.



LIEUT.-COL. BRIAN S. PHILLPOTTS,  
D.S.O.,  
R.E. Son of Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, formerly  
Headmaster of Bedford School.



CAPT. NOEL G. CHAVASSE, V.C.  
(with Bar), M.C., M.B., R.A.M.C.  
Displayed great bravery in attending  
wounded and effecting rescues.



2ND LIEUT. E. SCOTT WARING  
GREEN,  
Middlesex Regt. Son of Mrs. Owen Green,  
of Pretoria, South Africa.



LT.-COL. LORD ROBERT MANNERS,  
C.M.G., D.S.O.,  
Northumberland Fusiliers. Fourth son  
of seventh Duke of Rutland.



MAJOR B. H. ALDERSON,  
Indian Cavalry. Son of Mr. and  
Mrs. Charles Alderson, Wellfield House,  
Barnsley.



CAPT. W. DERMOTT COOPER,  
Ayrshire Yeomanry. Son of Mr. A. H.  
Cooper, W.S., Manor Place, Edinburgh,  
and Glentworth West, Perthshire.



LIEUT. OSCAR McMAKING,  
Royal Flying Corps. Officially  
reported as shot down in action,  
and killed.



MAJOR HERBERT F. HOLLINS,  
R.G.A. Son of late Mr. C. H. Hollins,  
and of Mrs. Hollins, Field House, March-  
ington.



MAJOR H. S. SEMPLE,  
Royal Engineers. Son of Dr. and Mrs.  
H. Semple, of Budleigh Salterton,  
Devonshire.



LIEUT. CHARLES BEUERS SCOTT,  
Canadian Battalion. Only son of Mr. and  
Mrs. Charles Scott, Quellerie Avenue,  
Windsor, Ontario.



LT. BERTRAM V. BROCKLEBANK,  
Coldstream Guards. Son of Mr. and Mrs.  
H. J. Brocklebank, Higher Broughton,  
Manchester.



BRIG.-GEN. F. AYLMER MAXWELL,  
V.C., C.S.I., D.S.O.,  
Sometime Military Secretary to Lord  
Hardinge, Viceroy of India.



CAPT. GERALD P. MANSON, M.C.,  
Somerset Light Infantry. Son of late  
Mr. J. Manson, Indian Public Works  
Department.



2ND LIEUT. R. S. MACGEOUGH-BOND,  
R.F.A. Only son of Lieut.-Colonel  
MacGeough-Bond, late R.F.A., of Leas-  
brook, Monmouth.



2ND LIEUT. P. W. C. NORTHCROFT,  
Rifle Brigade. Son of late Mr. Henry  
Northcroft, and of Mrs. Northcroft,  
Sussex Place, Regent's Park.



CAPTAIN J. I. COHEN,  
Devonshire Regt. Son of the late Mr.  
Joseph Cohen, and of Mrs. Cohen, College  
Avenue, Plymouth.



2ND LIEUT. C. WARRINGTON,  
Army Service Corps. Son of Mrs. War-  
rington, Sefton Park, Liverpool, and the  
late Mr. John T. Warrington, J.P.



2ND LIEUT. OSCAR W. CAMPBELL,  
Royal Engineers. Has been officially  
reported as having died of wounds  
received in action.



# THE POSTAL CENSORSHIP: SORTING MAILS AND EXAMINING LETTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



PRELIMINARY CLASSIFICATION: SORTING A NEWLY ARRIVED MAIL FOR SENDING TO VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.



THE FIRST STAGE: SORTING MAIL-BAGS AND DESPATCHING THEM UP A SHOOT TO BE OPENED BY EXAMINERS.



THE CENSORSHIP OF BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE: ONE OF THE ROOMS IN WHICH COMMERCIAL LETTERS ARE EXAMINED.



WORK OF A HIGHLY EXPERT CHARACTER: EXAMINING ENEMY SECURITIES AND FINANCIAL DOCUMENTS.



WOMEN CENSORS: THE ROOM WHERE LETTERS TO BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENEMY COUNTRIES ARE EXAMINED.



WOMEN CENSORS: THE ROOM WHERE LETTERS TO AND FROM GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR ARE EXAMINED.

On this and the following pages we are enabled to give a series of remarkably interesting photographs illustrating the work of the Postal Censorship. The great importance of this department in time of war can easily be realised, and the illustrations afford some idea of the number of examiners employed and of the vast quantities of material which they have to handle. A good deal of the work, it will be observed, is done by women.

The first two photographs show stages in the preliminary distribution of the mail-bags. The next two illustrate a very important section of the work—the censorship of business correspondence. As mentioned on the fourth page dealing with the subject, securities and other financial documents worth many millions of pounds to Germany have thus been intercepted. The two last photographs show the examination of prisoners' letters.



# THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST "EVIL COMMUNICATIONS": THE ELABORATE WORK OF THE POSTAL CENSORSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOT AND GENERAL.



WHERE THE CHEMIST COMES INTO ACTION: THE LABORATORY WHERE SUSPICIOUS POSTAL MATTER IS CHEMICALLY EXAMINED.



THE CONDEMNED LETTERS ROOM: HANDLING MISSIVES TO BE DETAINED UNTIL THE END OF THE WAR.



IN THE LIBRARY: A ROOM WHERE ALL GERMAN CARTOONS AND CARICATURES INTERCEPTED IN THE POST ARE STORED.



CONDEMNED LETTERS: A REPOSITORY WHERE FOR DETENTION

THEY ARE INDEXED AND STACKED DURING THE WAR.

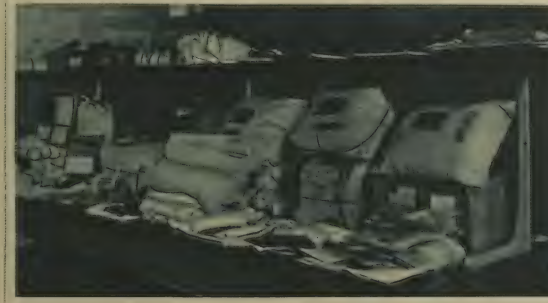


A TUBE OF COFFEE CONCEALED IN A ROLL OF NECESSARIES INTO GERMANY

NEWSPAPERS: DETECTING ATTEMPTS TO SMUGGLE BY NEWSPAPER POST.



INTERCEPTING ENEMY TRADE: SAMPLES OF JEWELLERY SENT TO NEUTRAL COUNTRIES FROM GERMANY.



NOW IN THE CENSOR'S MUSEUM: PARCELS OF FOOD-STUFFS SENT BY LETTER-POST ADDRESSED TO PEOPLE IN GERMANY.



AN AMERICAN'S SATIRICAL PRESENT FOR THE KAISER: PIECES OF BREAD AND TWO BONES; WITH THE WRAPPER ADDRESSED TO HIM.

It is satisfactory to know that the Postal Censor and his staff are extremely wide-awake, and that, however ingenious may be the attempts of the enemy and his friends to smuggle information and contraband articles through the British Post Office, the ingenuity of the Censorial authorities is quite equal to detecting them. It will be noted that a huge quantity of letters is "condemned," and stacked away until the end of the war, when, we are informed, they will probably be sent to their destination. Their recipients will, doubtless,

be duly gratified. Another photograph shows an interesting example of the tricks employed in attempts to smuggle food-stuffs into Germany—that is, a roll of newspapers in which was hidden a tube containing coffee. Some of the coffee beans may be seen on the table. Other photographs illustrating various branches of the Postal Censorship are given on the pages preceding and succeeding the above.

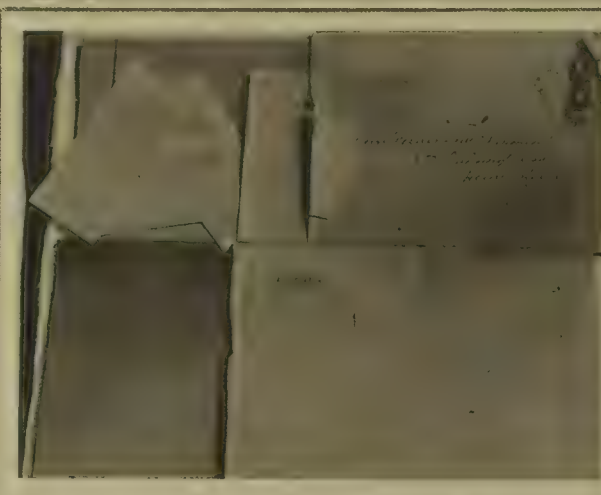


# THE POSTAL CENSORSHIP: MUSEUM RELICS: DECIPHERING LANGUAGES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOT AND GENERAL.



CAPTURES FROM GERMAN MAILS NOW IN THE CENSOR'S MUSEUM: AN IRON CROSS (1ST CLASS), WITH ZEPPELIN AND "LUSITANIA" MEDALS.



ATTEMPTS TO SMUGGLE RUBBER AND LEATHER THROUGH THE POST AS "PHOTOGRAPHS": RELICS IN THE POSTAL CENSOR'S MUSEUM.



THE UNCOMMON LANGUAGES ROOM: RECEPTACLES (IN FRONT) FOR MALAY, CZECH, SLOVAK, RUTHENIAN, HUNGARIAN, AND ARABIC LETTERS.



WHERE A FINAL DECISION IS GIVEN ON LETTERS SUSPECTED OF ENEMY TRADE INTEREST: THE ASSISTANT CENSOR'S ROOM.



WOMAN AS "DETECTIVE": SEARCHING MAILS FOR HIDDEN COMMUNICATIONS AND ENEMY EXPORTS CONCEALED IN NEWSPAPERS AND PACKAGES.



TABULATING INFORMATION THAT HAS CAUSED THE SEIZURE OF SECURITIES AND FINANCIAL DOCUMENTS WORTH MANY MILLIONS OF POUNDS TO GERMANY.

The above photographs conclude the series, of which others appear on the three preceding pages, illustrating the work of the Postal Censorship. One of the German medals shown in the first was struck to commemorate the Zeppelin raids on London in August 1915, and the other the sinking of the "Lusitania." Thus has Germany chosen to perpetuate the record of her own infamy. The envelopes shown in the adjoining illustration were

both marked 'photographs.' The top one contained thin sheets of rubber, and the lower one a good piece of leather. Many similar dodges are tried to smuggle contraband into enemy countries through the post. In the Uncommon Languages Room letters in almost any language in the world can be deciphered. Securities and other financial documents have been intercepted that represent a value of many millions of pounds to Germany.



# BEAUTIFUL CRETONNES

*Inexpensively priced at Waring & Gillow's.*



50 in. Silk Mixture Damask, Italian Renaissance design, old Florentine colours. Red, blue and drab, and green and drab. Price per yard 9/11

WE illustrate two of the many designs, at equally low prices, to be seen in the Department, and we shall be pleased to send patterns post free on request. We are also having a special Autumn Show of Sundour unfadable fabrics for window curtains and casement curtains. Sundour dyes and fabrics are entirely British manufacture and by retaining their colours they last six times as long as fabrics dyed with ordinary dyes. We hold a large stock of these goods in a great variety of colours and can give prompt delivery. These fabrics are very suitable for window curtains and blinds to comply with lighting restrictions. Sundour fabrics are absolutely guaranteed against fading either by sunlight or washing.



31 in. Cretonne, design reproduced from old wool embroidery. Soft refined colours. Price per yard 1/11½

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OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W. 1.

## WARING & GILLOW

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Telephone: Museum 5000.

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## Torpedoed!

AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY TO THE SUSTAINING QUALITIES OF

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK TABLETS

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, Slough, Bucks.

Sirs,—I had occasion the other day to prove the sterling qualities which you claim for your Malted Milk Tablets, and I find they are all you make them out to be. I was one of a Boatload of Survivors (there were eleven of us all told) from a ship that was torpedoed by an enemy submarine. We were adrift for 30 hours in an open boat, with nothing but one of your large size Flasks of Malted Milk Tablets to quench our thirst. I am very thankful to be able to say that when we were eventually picked up not one of us was suffering from either hunger or thirst. I shall always in future carry some of these Tablets with me when I go to sea, as I consider them extremely valuable. I have already recommended them to several brother officers. Yours sincerely, — Engr. Sub-Lt. R.N.R.

P.S.—You are at liberty to make whatever use of this letter you may wish.

**SEND THEM TO YOUR NAVAL AND MILITARY FRIENDS**

*See that the name Horlick's appears on every container.*

In Glass Pocket Flasks of all Chemists and Stores, and in Ration tins for H.M. Forces, 1/6 each. If on active service our Ration tins should be sent, and we will forward one of these tins post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give full name and address, or name of ship, also give your own name and address when sending remittance to

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.**

SIR JAMES HORLICK, Bart., President

## FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE

# DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT  
SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully, —

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices **10/6 & 21/6**

(The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

**ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT**

92, NEW BOND STREET,  
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Telephone—GERARD 3782

Also PARIS & NEW YORK



"BEAUTIFULLY COOL AND SWEET SMOKING"

## Player's Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut	- - -	Per oz.
Player's Medium Navy Cut	- - -	8 1d.
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PLAYER'S "WHITE LABEL" NAVY CUT	-	7 1d.
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Also **PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE** (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in Airtight Tins

2-oz. TINS

1/9



4-oz. TINS

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## Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in Two Strengths—

**MILD AND MEDIUM**

**MILD (Gold Leaf)**

**MEDIUM**

100 for 4/6	50 for 2/3	100 for 3/5	50 for 1/9½
-------------	------------	-------------	-------------

24 for 1/1	12 for 6½d.	20 for 8½d.	10 for 4½d.
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IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

These Cigarettes (and Tobaccos) are also supplied at **DUTY FREE RATES** for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital

Terms and particulars on application to—

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham**

P705

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.



## LADIES' PAGE.

A RISE in price diminishes consumption of any commodity," so Political Economy teaches us. Some people will be well content, therefore, to learn that the Food Controller intends next to control our supply of tea. For experience has already taught us that the next step



A MOST BECOMING VELOURS HAT,

trimmed with a soft feather ruche at the edge of the brim and a band of ribbon round the crown. (Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore St., W.1.)

to "control" is that a practical famine is established in the article—witness sugar, coals, potatoes—and, as there are some people who disdain the good gifts of Providence to the degree of desiring to abolish tea-drinking altogether, they will naturally rejoice at this development. But though I am not, like Dr. Johnson, "a hardened tea-drinker," I don't mind admitting that I am one of those who would rather miss many a solid comfort than my tea! What can take its place? How one pities the Elizabethan women who had to drink beer for breakfast! And does it seem possible that until some seventy years ago regular afternoon tea was practically unknown to mankind? Mr. Russell, in one of his amusing books, says that his

relative the Duchess of Bedford first invented afternoon tea about the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, and apparently the fashion did not spread very quickly. For instance, Mme. C. de Bunsen, in her book, "In Three Legations," quotes one of the letters that she wrote from the Hague in 1867, stating as a novelty that she had been invited out to afternoon tea, and she adds: "That people had managed to exist till then without afternoon tea seems difficult to believe, but this was the first time that I ever remember partaking of it." French people for the most part still do not take afternoon tea, yet the custom was growing before the war: the tea-shops in the Rue Cambon and elsewhere in Paris, and those in the Riviera towns, were always crammed for "five-o'clocker," as they call it, for refreshing one's tired nerves and stringing oneself up for the evening by the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Even in the United States it is by no means such a habit as it is here; people there more often drink tea immediately after lunch, but do not pause to take it between four and five; and it was an American woman who observed sarcastically that "the Englishwoman offers you a cup of tea to cure any ill from a headache to a headache." We and our sister nations of the mighty British Empire are the greatest tea-drinkers of the civilised countries. It is a little surprising to learn that Canada, next door to the States and in many ways affected by the neighbourhood, drinks so much more tea than her neighbours. In the latest return that I have (for 1911), it was shown that the United States citizens drank only 1 lb. 2 oz. per head; while Canada took 5 lb.; the United Kingdom used 6 lb. 4 oz.; New Zealand, 7 lb. 10 oz.; and Australia, at the head of the list, drank 8 lb. per head per annum. France only took 1½ lb., and Germany 2 lb.

That tea "met a felt want" is clear from the rapidity with which the practice "caught on" as soon as the herb was introduced. Our forefathers, indeed, may not have known afternoon tea, but from the time that they became acquainted with it they drank it. Chiefly it was absorbed in the evenings. Dinner in past times was much earlier than now—possibly just because there was no afternoon tea to fill the gap. Four or five o'clock, the present tea hour, was a common time a century ago for people to take dinner. Then they drank tea in the evening, about eight. The present practice is plainly more reasonable. Five o'clock seems a very awkward hour for the chief meal of the day, and tea at eight is well calculated to cause insomnia. Yet that people wanted this precious drug and loved it from the first can be proved by the rapidity with which it was adopted into our customs. From the first mention of it in English memoirs—from Mr. Pepys recording in 1660: "I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink, of which I had never drunk before"—the record of its use is continuous, notwithstanding its high price. The French aristocracy adopted it no less than our own. The Duc de St. Simon mentions it as quite odd that Louis XIV. "made no use of either tea or coffee." Mme. de Sévigné, too, refers to tea-drinking as a matter of course; and she says that she knew a man who was given up by the doctors

and cured himself "by drinking forty cups of tea every morning."

Nevertheless, it is quite possible that the results of the practice of tea-drinking on the whole are far from good. It may be for our benefit if the Food Controller stops our supplies. The late Sir B. W. Richardson, the great hygienic physician, accused tea of causing the "deep sadness" from which so many people suffer; and other doctors have charged it with producing indigestion, nerve irritation, insomnia, and finally insanity. Beyond a doubt, many poor women are as intemperate in the use of tea, and almost as mischievously so, as drunkards are in the use of alcohol. The tea-pot always stewing on the hob, as many working women have it, is a fertile cause of nerve-trouble and sleeplessness, and temperance is as much required in this respect as in all others. Dr. Cantlie, giving a course of lectures on First Aid and Health the other day to Princess Mary and a group of her young



A GRACEFUL BLACK VELVET HAT,

with a very original trimming of black feather tipped with jet that completely covers the brim. (Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore St., W.1.)

friends, declared that if he could have his way he would hang up on the wall the tea-pots of every home, and take down and bring into use the warming-pans!—FILOMENA.

# Harrods

## PERFECTION IN EASY CHAIRS



The "Burlington," hair stuffed, down and leather seat cushion, in Tapestry - £2 18 6



The "Draycot," a large, deep-seated, hair stuffed, down and leather seat cushion, covered Rosebud Tapestry or Cretonne - £9 18 6

HARRODS LTD

Woodman Burbidge, Managing Director.

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**"When I ordered Sanatogen the boy was practically comatose . . . within a fortnight he was running about the ward!"**

*Medical Officer's remarkable statement to Board of Guardians.*

Never has there been more dramatic and startling evidence of the value of Sanatogen—except, perhaps, when a former Home Secretary told the House of Commons that Sanatogen was "a national necessity."

That evidence is before us in a newspaper report, two columns long, of an interview between the local Board of Guardians and their Medical Officer, who had prescribed Sanatogen for a sick child and thereby saved its life.

(For obvious reasons we suppress names and places, but the original article can be seen at our London office).

Now, as the little patient was an inmate of the local infirmary, everything prescribed for him "came out of the ratepayers' pockets"; so the Guardians were anxious to know whether Sanatogen was really a necessity in such cases.

Then the doctor told them the facts—"straight and fair," as one of them remarked afterwards. It was his duty, he said, to keep the child alive if he could. When he ordered Sanatogen the boy was practically comatose—to all intents and purposes dead to the outside world—could not stand—could only swallow if fed on his back—and had to be nursed night and day. *Yet within a fortnight of taking Sanatogen he was running about the ward!*

Thereupon, the Board passed, by 32 votes to none, a resolution that, after listening very carefully to their medical officer's opinion, they approved of his ordering Sanatogen.

## Why genuine Sanatogen is essential

Asked what Sanatogen was, the doctor said that it contained caseinogen, prepared in a special way, and combined with a certain salt of phosphorus. If they could find anything else that combined those things in that way he would be very pleased to know it! *Four times he had tried to do with substitutes, and each time the patient had lost ground.*

There you have a perfectly independent, unbiassed statement—not really meant for the public ear—like that of the eminent physician who told a House of Commons Committee that there was something about Sanatogen which made it superior to any preparations said to be the same thing.

Remember this when you are offered substitutes for Sanatogen. Remember that Sanatogen alone can produce these wonderful results—whether in saving a child's life; restoring a nervous wreck to normal health and energy; building up wasted tissues and impoverished blood cells; increasing weight; hastening convalescence; or dispelling the fatigue, headache, and sleeplessness which beset the neurotic man or woman of to-day.

**GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)**

**Chairman: LADY MACKWORTH, 12, CHENIES ST., LONDON, W.C. 1**

Note: In buying Sanatogen at the chemist's (from 1/9 per tin) see that it is labelled "Manufactured at Penzance." *La'er on* it will be re-named Genatosan—"genuine Sanatogen"—to protect you from substitution.



## A BIG INDUCEMENT TO GIVE TATCHO A TRIAL.

**Y**OU simply cannot believe how truly Mr. Geo. R. Sims' TATCHO makes hair grow—how it strengthens, invigorates, beautifies the most skimpy, lack-lustre locks—how it tones and nourishes the scalp, actually feeds and stimulates the roots—*until you have tried it for yourself.*

That is why you are now offered

**a 4/6 bottle for 2/9**

—enough to afford convincing proof that the long-standing reputation of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho is fully justified—enough to make you a firm friend of Tatcho for the rest of life.

## THE TATCHO TREATMENT.

A few drops of Tatcho brushed vigorously in each morning is the whole of the treatment required. *But you must be regular.* Keep it up for a few weeks—your trial bottle is more than ample for that—give TATCHO a fair trial, and TATCHO will not fail.

A clear, amber-coloured, spirituous liquid, TATCHO is neither greasy nor sticky, and you will find it delightfully refreshing.

# TATCHO

*The* **HAIR GROWER**

**YOUR TRIAL BOTTLE NOW AT ANY  
STORES OR CHEMISTS**

— the 4/6 size for 2/9—ordinary prices when this offer does not hold being 4/6 and 1/3 (small size), or direct from

*The Directing Chemist, TATCHO LABORATORIES,  
5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.*



## NEW NOVELS.

## "Salaam."

The simple annals of the Mem-Sahib are no new story, nor does Miss Isobel Mountain revive them with any exceptional degree of freshness. Yet "Salaam" (Melrose) is a pleasing novel, by reason of its truthfulness, its moderation, and the zeal of its limited outlook. It contrives not to be stodgy, and stodginess has been the chief feature of too many Indian stories written with a diligence unattended by inspiration. Anyone who knows the United Provinces will have no difficulty in recognising places and incidents described by Miss Mountain, though we may be permitted to express the personal opinion that she does "Mehra" rather less than justice; seeing it, it may be, only through the eyes of a first-time traveller, comparing up the Longa road on the way to the hills. It is, as a matter of fact, a first-time traveller, and its tiny circle of characters, and its tiny circle of incidents, are not down in detail. Lordships which are a matter of course to those devoted public servants, but which the British public need perhaps to have recalled to its knowledge from time to time. In the day of reckoning the achievements of the rank and file of Indian officials will stand high. Books as modest and sincere as "Salaam" are to be recommended. They supply what even a comprehensive gazetteer lacks: the touch of human feeling and feminine insight, accessories very welcome and helpful to those who want a complete picture of the Anglo-Indian at his labours of Empire.

## "The Pointing Man."

We have not come across the name of Marjorie Deane before, and we shall look forward to meeting it again. If "The Pointing Man" (Hutchinson) is a first novel, it is much above the average of its kind. Something, of the *flair* of Conrad for the haunted byways of the East is in

its description of the Burmese capital. The Europeans are, indeed, rather shadowy, so tremendous is the impression the writer contrives to produce with a curio-shop, a Chinese den, and the dark wharves of the waterside. Characterisation is not the strong point of the book; but then probably it is not meant to be. The significant sub-title is "A Burmese Mystery," and for mystery you require, not laborious psychological examination, but an apt handling of the primitive passions and terrors of men, portrayal of

man was a wooden effigy, "in tight breeches, with a smiling yellow face," which invited passers-by to become the customers of Mhtoon Pah. "He pointed at a small door up a flight of steps, and behind the small door was a dark shop, smelling of sandal-wood and cassia, and strong with the fumes of burning joss-sticks." Could there be a more alluring introduction to a tale of mystery? Docile, submissive to the pointing finger of Miss Marjorie Deane, we too ascend the steps and enter the little door, and the thrill of "The Pointing Man" forthwith embraces us.



IN PARIS: A "BLIGHTY" FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.

By the irony of Fate a large establishment in a prominent position in Paris has been transformed from an enemy trading establishment into a rest-house for our troops. Miss Lily Butler, obtained from the French authorities free use of the building; and a few months ago it was opened by General Sir F. Lloyd as a place of rest and entertainment for our soldiers on leave. It is under the patronage of Lord Bute, our Ambassador, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught have also visited it. Miss Butler, assisted by a number of wives and daughters of British officers, manages the place, the expenses of which are defrayed by voluntary contributions.

the slow cunning of the hunter, and the frantic twists and doubling of the hunted. The story of the disappearance of Absalom, Mhtoon Pah's Christian boy, could probably be found—or its duplicate—in more than one Far Eastern police record. It is set forth in this engaging book with an awesomeness that pins one to its pages. The pointing

celebrated linens of this leading firm, some of their choicest hand-woven products amongst them, are being offered at from 5s. to 8s. 6d. in the pound below present prices. Besides bed and table linens, the sale includes handkerchiefs, corsets, underwear, dressing gowns and blouses, and also certain piece fabrics.

## "The Bridge of Kisses."

The girl in "The Bridge of Kisses" (Hutchinson) is one of the simplest people to be found, in or out of a work of fiction. We are far from saying that Miss Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions) does not write with authority on the ways of the human heart; but obtuseness as profound as Joey's must surely be exceptional. The story is pretty, and written with so much liveliness that the foregone conclusion predominating it does not work out, after all, as a stumbling-block to amusement. Joey became engaged to a man whom it was plain she would never, never be allowed to marry by the writer of a light novel innocent alike of realism or purple patches. She also met an angry young man—with beneficent possibilities. The rest follows.

An opportunity that should not be missed is afforded by a special sale of Irish linens announced by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver for a period of twelve days only, ending on Oct. 13. The price of linens has advanced enormously since the war began, and continues steadily to rise; but for this sale the leading firm, some of their choicest hand-woven products amongst them, are being offered at from 5s. to 8s. 6d. in the pound below present prices. Besides bed and table linens, the sale includes handkerchiefs, corsets, underwear, dressing gowns and blouses, and also certain piece fabrics.

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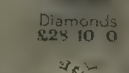
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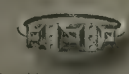
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## GERMANY AND THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.

*See Illustrations on "Science" Page.*

ONE of the hardest knocks the Germans have received in the war thus far is, undoubtedly, the capture of Baghdad, and, with it, the terminus of the famous Baghdad Railway and the hundred-odd miles of this railway between Baghdad and Samarra. The Baghdad Railway was the German pet scheme for the penetration of the East, and the importance attached to the line in Germany may be realised vividly by the following extract from one of the best-known German writers on the subject of the Baghdad Railway, Dr. Rohrbach, who, in his "Die Baghdad Bahn" (second edition), published in Berlin in 1911, only three years before the outbreak of war, wrote as follows: "One factor, and one alone, will determine the possibility of a successful issue for Germany in such a conflict—whether or not we succeed in placing England in a perilous position. A direct attack upon England across the North Sea is out of the question; the prospect of a German invasion of

England. . . . England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land from Europe only in one place—Egypt.

"The loss of Egypt would mean for England not only the end of her dominion over the Suez Canal and of her connections with India and the Far East, but would probably entail the loss also of her possessions in Central and East Africa. The conquest of Egypt by a Mohammedan Power like Turkey would also imperil England's hold over her sixty million Mohammedan subjects in India, besides prejudicing her relations with Afghanistan and Persia. Turkey, however, can never dream of recovering Egypt until she is mistress of a developed railway system in Asia Minor and Syria, and until, through the progress of the Anatolian Railway to Baghdad, she is in a position to withstand an attack by England upon

Mesopotamia. The Turkish Army must be increased and improved, and progress must be made in her economic and financial position. . . . The stronger Turkey grows, the more dangerous does she become for England. . . . Egypt is a prize which, for Turkey, would be well worth the risk of taking sides with Germany in war with England. The policy of protecting Turkey which is now pursued by Germany has no other object but the desire to effect an insurance against the danger of a war with England."

It might be stated that the italics in the above extract are those of Dr. Rohrbach himself. Having made four successive journeys to the region of the Baghdad Railway, it may be taken for granted that when he was writing he knew perfectly well all that the construction of such a line meant for German aims in the East; but Sir Stanley Maude and his gallant men of the British and Indian Armies have interposed what may prove, let us hope, to be an insurmountable obstacle in the path of this particular German ambition, an ambition which may reasonably be supposed to be defunct.

## "THE LIARS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

IT is pleasant to discover, however ungrateful it may sound, that the services of Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore are not essential to a successful representation of "The Liars," for that means that we were none of us mistaken years ago when we hailed Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's fine comedy as possessing the promise of



UNITED STATES TROOPS TRAINING IN FRANCE: BAYONNETTING A DUMMY.  
*French Official Photograph.*



UNITED STATES TROOPS IN TRAINING IN FRANCE: MACHINE-GUN PRACTICE.  
*French Official Photograph.*

England is a fantastic dream. It is necessary to discover another combination in order to hit England in a vulnerable spot—and here we come to the point where the relationship of Germany in Turkey, and the conditions prevailing in Turkey, become of decisive importance for German foreign policy, based as it now is upon watchfulness in the direction of

long life. There always seemed good reason for believing that this story of the flirt who singed her wings in the flame of passion, and of the serious lover caught in a net of untruths, had more than the qualities that make for ephemeral vogue. Masterly in technique and stage resource as is its famous third act, "The Liars" was patently no mere clever piece of mechanism, of which that was the "cinch" of climax. The characters were too real, the situations developed too naturally from their reactions. In the room of the famous Criterion pair we have Mr. Aubrey Smith and Miss Mary O'Farrell. Their methods are different from those of their predecessors, but the comedy does not suffer, and it is good to be reassured that the play was the thing. Even the combination of artists familiar with "The Liars," such as Mr. Alfred Bishop and Miss Janette Steer, and those newer to it, such as Mr. Langhorne Burton, Miss Marie Hemingway, and Miss Stella Campbell, does not result in any lack of ensemble.

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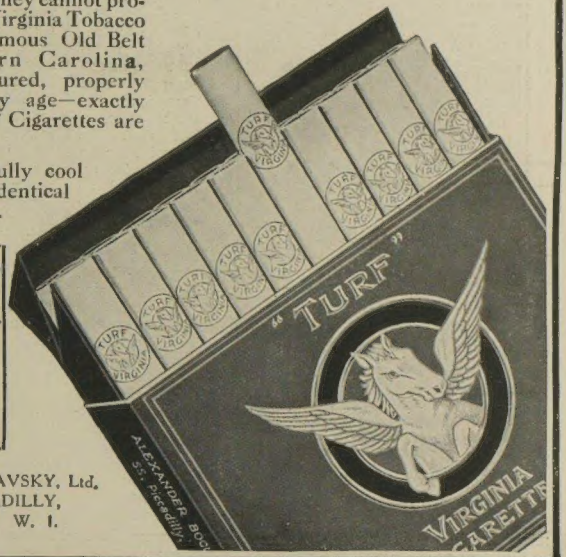
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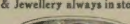
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Apropos the Self-Starters.

I do not think there is much doubt that a good deal of the vogue of the American car in this country is due to the extra refinements which the long-sighted American manufacturer has embodied in his designs, but which his British competitor has either listed as "extras" or ignored altogether. It is a fact that we move slowly in these matters, and are apt to leave a thing undone until compelled to do it by the pressing demand of the public, rather than to do it first and then proceed to educate the public into a liking for it. Take, for example, electric-lighting

for the car. Up to the time of the outbreak of war it was greatly the exception for the British car to be listed with a dynamo-lighting plant included in the price. Yet I cannot call to mind a single American car—save one, or perhaps a couple, of the ultra-cheap ones—that was not so equipped. And there is not the least question but that the motorist who had made up his mind to acquiring a new car had equally determined that it must have electric-light. After the war we shall see practically every British car listed with a dynamo set—because the public insists on it, the American educational campaign having created the demand. In another direction the Americans have given us a strong lead. I refer now to the "self-starter," which originally came to us from America, and which has

been principally developed there. Almost every American vehicle which sells at anything over £200 is equipped with an electric engine-starter; this, to my way of thinking, enhances its convenience, and therefore its value, out of all proportion to the actual cost of the machine. All other things being equal, no one who has owned and driven a car in which the engine can be started from the driving-seat by the mere pressure of a pedal will go back to the crude, archaic method of cranking by hand to get the motor running. Although this is so obvious as almost to be a truism, I think I am right in saying that before the war there was but one British car—and that one of the highest in price—in which the electric engine-starter was listed as an absolutely standard fitting. There were others, of course, in which it could be had as an extra—and a costly extra at that.

## A New British Starter.

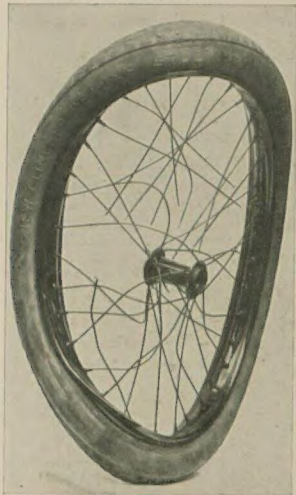
Up to the beginning of the war there had been so scant a demand for the starter from British car-manufacturers that it had not really paid anyone to go seriously out into competition with the American product. But the war has opened a great many eyes, and not the least awakening is in the British motor industry. After the war I do not think we shall have any ground of complaint regarding want of refinement in the British car. It will have its electric-lighting and engine-starting plants, and many other little characteristics making for better convenience and comfort. In this matter of electric-starters, I saw an interesting demonstration the other day of a new one which seems to me the last word up to now in such devices. As it is made by the well-known "C.A.V." firm, whose name has been associated with "electricity for the car" for a great many years, as motoring history is written, it hardly needs saying that in detail of workmanship it is everything it should be. But what appeals to me more even than that is the essential simplicity of the thing. It is simply an electric motor in which the armature is normally held out of the magnetic field by a light helical spring. An extension of the armature-shaft carries a small pinion, which gears into a toothed ring mounted on the engine fly-wheel. When not actually turning over the engine this pinion is, of course, out of engagement.

By depressing the starting-switch to about half its limit of travel, the armature is caused, by the pull of the field magnets, to travel longitudinally far enough to engage the pinion with its toothed ring. Then, full depression of the starting-switch applies the full power of the motor. As soon as the engine has started to fire, the pinion is automatically disengaged. There is no over-running clutch, no resistance-switch to burn out, no chains to stretch. The whole device is eminently simple—so simple and so well made that it must be reliable. Certainly I know of no self-starter, American or other, which I like as well as this new British production. W. IV.



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR HERBERT AUSTIN, K.C.B.E.

The motoring world will be interested in our portrait of Sir Herbert Austin, K.C.B.E., who was knighted by the King on September 27. Sir Herbert is managing-director of the well-known Austin Motor Company. Photograph by Whitlock.



AFTER A COLLISION: A PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY.

The wheel which we illustrate was used on a Government motor-cycle, and, after it had stood the wear of 4000 miles travelling, a bad collision with a motor-car occurred, twisting the wheels and buckling them out of shape. A remarkable feature of the incident, however, was that, despite the mishap, there were no punctures, the Clincher tyre never left the rim, nor did the tube protrude from beneath the cover.

demand. In another direction the Americans have given us a strong lead. I refer now to the "self-starter," which originally came to us from America, and which has



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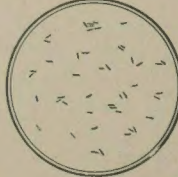
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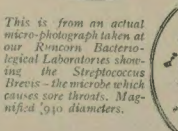
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The *Bacillus Influenzae*, which is responsible for all cases of Influenza, magnified 910 diameters, taken at our Runcorn Laboratories. We have proved by test that Evans' Pastilles are quite efficacious in preventing the harmful effects caused by this microbe.



The undoubted success which has attended the use of Evans' Pastilles has produced a good number of worthless substitutes. To protect the public

and to prevent substitution, we have reproduced here the Pastille and Box for reference.

Each Pastille can be recognised by a raised bar marking and none are genuine without this mark.



"See the Raised Bar on each Pastille." W.C.I.

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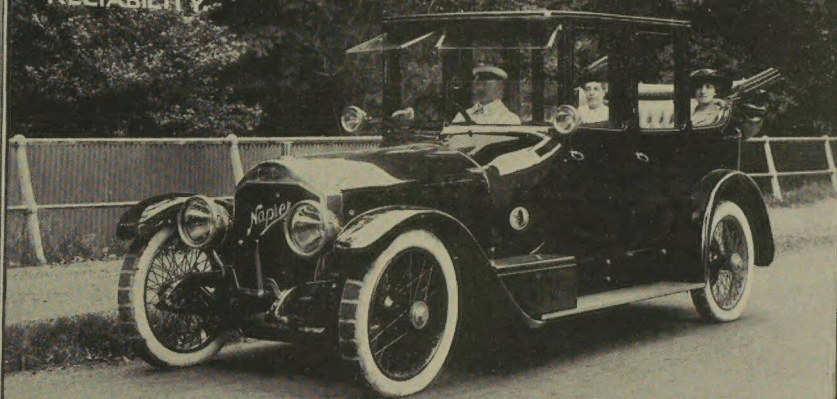
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## LITERATURE.

Porfirio Diaz.

Mr. David Hannay, being learned in things Spanish, has written a particularly illuminating volume on Porfirio Diaz (Constable: "Makers of the Nineteenth Century"). Not only has he drawn a full-length of the man, filling in the lines and features with considerable skill, and on a scale and with a design that always preserve the dignity of the subject; he also surrounds the figure of the late President of Mexico with a picture of that country which, we feel sure, will bring its conditions and inherent problems before the eyes of many readers with a fresh significance. The reserve and avoidance of anything in the way of cheap gossip give the biography the air of an authentic estimate; and even more is this the impression left by the historical portions as the result of their broad generalisations as well as their specialised information. At the same time, Mr. Hannay is far from writing as a hero-worshipper, and the determined effort after impartiality in the book suggests that the personality of Diaz warms the interest of the writer but little as compared with the circumstances into which his career was cast. Indeed, the personality of Diaz scarcely emerges—quite possibly because it was not there in large measure to emerge. We are made aware that something special of character must have been in the man to account for his rise to power and long tenure of it; but the quality itself, whatever it was, is only revealed by Mr. Hannay so far as a reasonable explanation is possible of its efficiency. Diaz is never magnetic in

these pages, and probably was not so in life. He was not really a great man or statesman, but he was a great policeman. And why—Mexico being what it is—he could be no more, and his success could be only

Swinburne's Posthumous Poems.

by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise (Heinemann).

In one respect the volume of "Posthumous Poems," by Algeon Charles Swinburne, edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise (Heinemann), affords fresh evidence of the poet's genius. The series of Border Ballads, in the manner of the old minstrelsy, reveals his extraordinary talent for recapturing an ancient style. On the other hand, there is little in the book to increase the authentic fame of Swinburne himself—the Swinburne of "The Triumph of Time" and of "Atalanta in Calydon." Some, indeed, of the other pieces, such as "Æolus" and the "Memorial Ode on the Death of Leconte de Lisle," rise to the known heights of Swinburnian music, but not beyond. For the rest, the interest is mainly biographical, as in the case of Swinburne's unsuccessful Newdigate, "The Death of Sir John Franklin." Swinburne voices his scorn of "the man of blood and iron," and the first German Emperor, in lines that to-day seem prophetic—

When all a forger's fame  
Is shrivelled up in shame;  
When all imperial notes of praise  
And prayer  
And hoarse thanksgiving raised  
To the abject God they praised  
For murderous mercies, are but  
poisonous air;  
When Bismarck and his William  
lie  
Low even as he they warred on—  
damned too deep to die."

Mr. Gosse introduces the posthumous poems with one of his charming and scholarly prefaces, and concludes with a hint that so one day there may be yet another posthumous volume, "a section of Swinburne's lyrical writing which has often been talked of, but will not at present escape our guardianship."



THE MENIN ROAD BATTLE: WATCHING THE EFFECTS OF A BRITISH ARTILLERY BARRAGE.

Official Photograph.

ephemeral, is exactly Mr. Hannay's theme in this volume, when he is expounding history as when he is writing biography. He does both in a remarkably convincing, individual, and illuminating way.

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